

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

MORRISTOWN, TENN., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1877.

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The Morristown Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7, 1877.

NEWS ITEMS.

Pious Temple is not yet dead, but she is thirty-one years old.
Touch not, taste not, that which will corrupt.
Sims Reeves is to receive \$75,000 for fifty concerts in Australia.
With a clear eye and upright heart resist every wrong.

A Western Granger has written to Memphis for some Mardi Gras seed.
There were 1,381 marriages in Maury county, Tenn., within the past six years.

Think for yourself, and think much more than you talk.
Sir Shaw Stewart has been reappointed Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Scotland.

In a French family, who work at a mill in Slatesville, R. I., there are four pairs of twins.
The criminal laws of Virginia are undergoing a revision.

Oranges sell at fifty cents per hundred in Columbus, Georgia.
The shop girls of Boston number nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the city.

Pope Pius IX has just founded a home for old men in Sinigaglia, his native town, in Italy.

Be proud of your calling; if a shoe-maker, strive to make a better shoe than anybody else.

The best blankets in the United States are manufactured by the Navajo Indians of New Mexico.

Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, is a zealous Baptist, and preaches every Sunday to the negroes he employs.

Go not to your grave one-third tobacco, one-third whisky, and the other third a composition of corruption.

While a Texas jailer was gone to a balloon ascension his prisoners all got out and left the country.

General Leslie Combs, of Kentucky, who is about eighty-five years old, has just married a lady of the same age.

Spread of American ideas. Young Arabs now greet the traveler in Egypt with the familiar salutation, "Black your boots."

Mrs. Boots, of Philadelphia, has run away from her husband, and a flippant "Go it, Boots!" arises from the thoughtless crowd.

An Irish monk once called on his congregation to thank God that death had been placed at the end of life instead of the middle.

A colored woman of Belton, Va., a few days ago left her nineteen-month-old child alone in the cabin, and an old sow entered and ate it up, all except an arm and the head.

We never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

Grangers, if you want early Irish potatoes have your ground and manure prepared by the dark of the moon in February, as that is the time we have set for pitching the early crop.

Be something—be somebody. Set your mark high in the world, and then move toward it. Don't wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire to—lift yourself.

A lady who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "Oh, mothers! I hunt out the soft, tender, gentle side of your boy's nature."

Mothers often do—with an old shoe.
A Missouri pig lately rooted up two thousand dollars in gold which was buried by its owner during the war. The owner was killed, and his heirs would have missed their inheritance had it not been for the pig. Moral: keep a pig.

"The Butcher Knife" and "Bulldozer," printed with a pen, are two publications which have recently made their appearance in Ooltowah. They are edited by everybody and published by nobody in particular.

Horace Greeley said that of the thousands he lent the most he ever received back was a \$5 note inclosed in a letter, and upon tracing the writer of the letter he found that it came from a lunatic in the Utica Asylum who never owed him a cent.

Eph Horn's last joke was made on his death bed. On leaving him two hours before his death, Tony Pastor cheered him a little by expressing the belief that soon he would be well again. The dying minstrel's eyes brightened, and he said, "I guess so, Tony; I was always a good man at the end." These were his last words.

Norristown Herald: "Love makes 128 pounds of girl feel no heavier than a feather on a knee." Fulton Times: "And the same fellow would have his leg cramped all out of shape by seventy-five pounds of wife." Danbury News: "That would depend somewhat upon whose wife she was." Not at all. A fellow never puts himself to the trouble to find out whose property he lays his hands upon.

We will never be a self-sustaining and prosperous people as long as we send abroad to buy high prices for articles that we can raise ourselves. During the coming spring thousands of dollars will be sent North for Irish potato seed, when, by a little trouble and care, as good potatoes can be grown here as there. An acre of potatoes, rightly put in, will pay better than five acres of corn. If our farmers would do more garden farming they would find it more profitable than putting the whole world in corn and wheat.

Those who "grope," sometimes grope wilfully. A man who feels around just before daybreak for the kindling wood and finally crams his wife's hoop skirt into the stove will not when she comes to dress herself, be able to protect his skull by any argument of "mistaken identity."

An editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with remittent fever.

After Twenty Years.

Although you've been a husband true,
This many a year gone by, John,
And I'm a faithful wife to you,
This many a year gone by, John,
We'll be a lonely sort of life,
With no sweet child to bless us,
For heavy came last Christmas day,
To comfort and care us.

Our baby has a father gray,
A mother none too young, John,
And yet it seems the time of May,
For since our wedding day, John,
She brought new life into the house,
The little, prattling stranger,
And, John, she binds you to your home,
Who might have been a ranger.

Once every chair was in its place,
And not a thing was out of place,
Yet we two, sitting face to face,
Would often breathe a sigh, John;
But now upon our ample board,
Is daily placed between us,
A picture plate and porringer,
From loneliness to woe us.

While she, our little baby queen,
With eyes so like your own, John,
(The brightest, bluest ever seen,
East with us on her throne, John,
Heaven guard our precious little one—
May angels fair, that brought her,
Protect from every threatening ill
The "old folks'" little daughter.

Your Mother and Sisters are Women.

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in an improper company.

Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner shun them. They are the very worst members of the community, men lost to every sense of honor or every feeling of humanity.

Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain and spread where it should not have been and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and dragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim.

Your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair names tarnished and their lives unblemished by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill your own word may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Circus in Distress.

From the Charleston News and Courier.
The grand display of Howe's Great London Circus and Menagerie on the Citadel Green will not again be forgotten by the youngsters who saw it, and the announcement that the big show can come again no more will fill their childish hearts with grief. The entire exhibition was owned by the manager, Mr. Henry Barman, of South Carolina.

A claim of \$9,000 was also put in by an attorney for the United States Rolling Stock Company, a corporation which had furnished the two trains of forty-two cars on which the concern is transported over the country. The debt to the employees, at the time of the seizure was \$16,000, and with other outstanding claims made the whole amount of indebtedness about \$30,000. There are about 140 horses and ponies, five elephants, and tigers, lions, hyenas, sacred cows, chattering monkeys, and birds in profusion. The original cost of the circus and menagerie in London was \$160,000. Of course, like everything else, the property has depreciated in value, until at present, even under a more favorable state of affairs, politically, it would not bring more than one-half that amount.

The whole affair is in the hands of the Sheriff, and he is taking care of it at an expense of about \$300 a day, and it has been ordered to be sold at the end of ten days. If it should not bring as much as \$35,000, it will become the property of Mr. Kelley and other claimants.

How a Texas Editor Runs a Newspaper.

There are people, mostly young and gushing, who look upon newspaper life as about the pleasantest thing going—something that makes one feel good all the time, excepting when the compositor and printer have to be confronted, and each comes in with slowness rather than with celerity. Let such read the following tabular statement, setting forth with bald accuracy, the experience of an able journalist of Texas, and determine whether that man had many leisure hours that he could give to the "cultivation" of poetry or the lighter branches of art.

Been asked to drink..... 11,392
Drank..... 11,392
Refused to drink..... 410
Didn't retract..... 410
Invited to parties and receptions by persons before whom..... 8,333
Took the hint..... 333
Didn't take the hint..... 333
Threatened to be whipped..... 1,750
Been whipped..... 175
Whipped the other fellow..... 4
Didn't come to time..... 170
Been promised whiskey..... 5,000
If we would go after them..... 5,000
Been after them..... 5,000
Have asked what the news..... 300,000
Told..... 300,000
Didn't know..... 200,000
Lied about it..... 99,977
Been to church..... 2
Changed politics..... 32
Expected to change still..... 50
Gave to charity..... 25.00
Gave for a terrible dose..... \$25.00
Cash on hand..... \$1.00

The late General Bartlett, of Massachusetts, after having been several times wounded, wrote to the lady of his choice releasing her from her engagement, and it was she who wrote the memorable words, "I'll marry you if there's enough left of your body to hold your soul."

SAVED BY ACCIDENT.

BY A. F. HILL.

General Braddock's army, in its memorable campaign against the French and Indians, near the Monongahela, in June, 1755, was accompanied by a small cavalry force of not over a hundred, which took part, as far as possible, in the disastrous fight. When the retreat was ordered by Colonel George Washington, who took command upon the fall of Braddock, the greater portion of the cavalry was thrown out on either flank, to guard against surprise, while a detachment of a dozen or so was ordered to bring up the rear.

This little force was commanded by a brave and trustworthy Virginian, Sergeant Crombie.

The enemy did not pursue in force but small bands of Indians hung upon the rear of the shattered army for several days, hoping to secure the scalps of a few wounded or worn-out stragglers, and the rear-guard was considerably harassed by them.

On the third day of the retreat, the army, which was moving toward the mountains in a southeasterly direction, crossed the Youghiogheny River, a little way below the present site of Connellsville, a considerable railroad town, and halted for the night. The rear-guard, which had fallen considerably behind, bivouacked among some rugged hills two miles from the main body, without knowing that there was a river between them and the main body.

The night was dark, all were very much fatigued, and after a scanty supper they soon sought the rest so much needed. Three of their number were detailed as a guard, to leave each other at intervals of two hours, and the sergeant himself concluded to remain up with the sentinels a good portion of the night. The soldiers lay down in their blankets, but left the saddles on their horses, to be ready to mount at short notice.

It was far in the night: the fires with which the soldiers had done their cooking had gone out, and the third sentinel was on duty. He was also a Virginian, of the name of John Roberts, and there was a warm attachment between him and the sergeant, as they had been comrades a long time. "John," said the sergeant, "everything seems quiet, and I think we had never run before."

At first he seemed to distance his pursuers. At least, they did not gain on him, and for some distance, favored by the bushes, he managed to keep out of their sight. He knew what he might expect should he once come in their view, and within the twinkling of an eye he was ready.

It was a fearful chase. The game was a human being, flying like a frightened deer through the wild and lonely valley, with life dependent on the fleetness of his limbs; the hunters, a horde of swartly savages, merciless as wolves, keen as bloodhounds, making the night hideous with their yells, thinking for the blood of the fugitive, and longing for the frightful pleasure of subjecting him to all the tortures that barbarous ingenuity could devise.

The chase continued a distance of nearly a mile. At times, in very rough places—for he had been unable to follow the trail of the army—as he was bound to slacken his speed as were also his pursuers, and dodge from point to point with cautious steps, for he knew that another fall would be fatal to him. It was very rocky in places, and more than once he had to leap across dark fissures, which he never before had put him quite so closely, and he said he didn't know, but he thought he'd like to go up in Mous. Godard's balloon.

"I didn't take your threat," said Ike, who thought she alluded to the string by which the pencil was lowered upon the boy, "that was a fishing line."

"Oh, Isaac," continued she, what do you want to act so like the probable son for? why don't you try and be like David and Deuteronomy that we read about, and act in a reprehensible manner?"

The appeal was touching, and Ike was silent, thinking of the sling that David killed Goliath with, and wondering if he couldn't make one.

Home.
A home is a refuge-place from the storms, the fret and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes as to a sanctuary, where smiles and loving words answer his smiles and loving greetings. It is a place where the wife reigns in her benignity and grace, not in the grace of an overbearing beauty or cultivations, but of true womanhood, where she receives honor and love even as she gives them both. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because there are the cheeriest words, the brightest looks and the kindest acts. Such are not the majority of homes as we find them.

Deaths in Knoxville in 1876.
"Dr. S. B. Boyd, City Physician, submitted his annual report, which shows that the total number of deaths in the city and suburbs during the year 1876 were 168, still-born 27; against 232 deaths and 13 still-born in 1875. By a careful comparison and calculation the population was estimated to be: Whites, 8,500; colored, 5,000. Total, 13,500. The death rate per 1,000, 13.92. Of the deaths 42 were of consumption, and not a single case of diphtheria had occurred, although that disease had raged to a great extent elsewhere."

them coming through the bushes like a pack of wolves.
He did not stop to draw his weapons, but with a blow of his fist sent him reeling, and sprang past him like a deer. He was a brave man, but it must be confessed that the yells of the savages, but a few yards distant, somewhat unnerved him, and he had run but a few yards when his foot struck a large stone, and he fell headlong among the bushes.

This caused him a loss of time—and every second was precious; but rather stimulated by the occurrence, he sprang up with new strength. As he did so, the Indian whom he had struck, and who had rallied from the blow, grasped him by the throat, apparently desirous of capturing him alive, no doubt in order to take him to the tortures in which the savages were wont to take such fiendish delight, and compared with which instant death from a blow of the tomahawk would have been a mercy.

A fierce struggle began. Sergeant Crombie, in that moment of awful peril, realized that it must not last beyond a few seconds, for the other savages were now within ten or a twelve yards, and his adversary was calling out to them with hideous exclamations. He was a strong man, and summoning his whole strength for one mighty effort he tore himself loose from his captor, and with one fierce blow of his fist, felled him to the earth. Then he sprang away again through the bushes.

The Indians seemed to pause a few seconds, on reaching their prostrate companion as if to learn the exact state of things; then, with renewed yells, they started after the flying soldier, whom they had for a moment lost sight of in the bushes.

It was a race for life now, and Sergeant Crombie knew what speed he must make to escape from his fleet pursuers. So, straining every nerve and muscle, he fled through the bushes like a frightened deer, followed by several random shots, one of which touched his cap. They followed his track readily by the noise he made; but it was no time now to attempt to move by stealth—they were too near. To conceal himself was impossible.

All depended on speed, and he ran as he had never run before. At first he seemed to distance his pursuers. At least, they did not gain on him, and for some distance, favored by the bushes, he managed to keep out of their sight. He knew what he might expect should he once come in their view, and within the twinkling of an eye he was ready.

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The fall had stunned the sergeant, and cut a gash in his head, but he was not seriously hurt. He soon got up, climbed cautiously out upon the face of the earth, saw that no enemies were about, and started for the camp of the army, which he reached in safety, and related to his comrades what he had done and what in search of him, how he had been "saved by accident."

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